

DOUBLE PAGE---CHAMPION JEFFRIES

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THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price 10 Cents.

FINE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT FREE EVERY WEEK



ATHLETIC GIRLS PLAY BALL.

YOUNG WOMEN PUT UP A GOOD GAME ON THE GROUNDS AT BAYONNE, N. J.



RICHARD K. FOX
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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PUBLISHER,
NEW YORK AND LONDON

GOSSIP GLEANED FROM THE VAUDEVILLE FIELD

The Very Latest News About the Continuous Houses Which
Will Stay Open and do Business All Summer.

SKETCHES AND SINGLE TURNS STILL THE RAGE.

Legitimate Houses May Close When it Becomes Hot, but Variety Seems Destined,
Like the Brook, to go on Forever.

Charles Dickson and Katherine Osterman will open at Keith's on June 26 in a sketch called "To-morrow at Twelve."

Scanlon and Miley are playing the Keith circuit.

The Donovans have been engaged for two additional weeks by the management of the Orpheum circuit, which will make six weeks in all. They will resume their starring tour in "Devey's Reception" in October, under the management of William B. Henry.

Hilda Thomas and Frank Barry scored an unusual success at Keith's in Boston recently. Every paper gave Miss Thomas flattering notices for her extremely clever work. She and Mr. Barry will have a new act next season. They have played thirty-eight weeks since August 29, 1898, and have invariably succeeded in pleasing managers and public.

Wills and Barron have just closed a highly

card in the repertoires of the authors, "Lew" Dockstader, "Billy" Ernst, "Tom" McIntosh, "Artie" Hall, Deas and Wilson, and many more. Joseph W. Stern and Co. report that it is in constant demand by singers.

Margaret Rosa has joined hands with Vera Harte and they will be assisted by the original Dutch pickaninies. They carry their own scenery and the act is said to be full of novelties. They are both good singers and together with their pickaninies, will introduce some quartette work.



Canfield and Carleton have purchased three lots at Bensonhurst-by-the-Sea, on which they will erect a handsome home

successful season of forty-three weeks with "Sam" Scribner's Morning Glories company. They will leave immediately for their farm in Bloomington, Ill., to rusticate until September, when they will join Fisher and Carroll's company in "The Lobster."

The juvenile comedians Little Primrose and Master Martin Semon, are introducing to Boston their new and original sketch by Arthur J. Lamb, entitled "An Afternoon Outing," written expressly to show Little Primrose's impersonation of the Southern pickaninny, and Master Martin's negro gyrations.

George Fuller Golden, Frank Manning and William Mozambique English appeared at the New York Press Club's smoker recently and scored big hits with the newspaper men.

"Lew" Palmer played Keith's, Providence, week before last, with Boston and New York to follow. He recently closed a season of forty-two weeks with Miaco's City Club at the Lyceum Theatre, Boston. He has also signed with the same company for next season, making his third year with that organization.

J. Edmund Comerford, who recently presented with success at Keith's, in Boston, his illustrated recital of George R. Sims' poem, "The Life Boat," has given up playing dates, and is now associated with the Gorman Amusement Co.

Williams and Walker's coon song, "Why Don't You Get A Lady of Your Own?" is still a strong

A FATAL SIN

Now ready. One of the most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

Theatre, and made a big hit in the part as well as in her specialty.

The Whitney Brothers have just returned from London, where their musical act "caught on" at the Palace Theatre. They will remain here until May, 1900, when they return to England to fill a two years' contract.

Lydia Yeamans-Titus was the star of the bill at the Empire, Nottingham, England, week of May 15. She was the feature of the opening bill at this house in February, 1898.

The Randalles sailed for Johannesburg, South Africa, on June 2, to fill a number of engagements, after which they will return to London for a forty weeks' season, beginning in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Esmonde are rehearsing their sketch, "The Foolish Mr. Wise," at Hyde and Belman's Theatre, Brooklyn. W. H. Lytell has been engaged to direct the rehearsals.

Harry Thomson is playing this week a return date at Tony Pastor's in his new act, "The Man Who is Up to the Tines."

The Bachelors' Club, a new quartette, gave a trial performance of a new sketch by Geo. W. Barnum at Tony Pastor's recently.

T. J. Farron made a big hit at Forest Park Highlands, St. Louis, heading an exceptionally good bill.

The Little Big Four—Gould, Wesley, Gould and Venta—made a hit last week at the Chutes Park, St. Louis, and were re-engaged for a second week.

Harry Rickards, the Australian manager, will reach London early in July. He will travel by way of San Francisco and New York.

The Marco Twins have sailed for Europe on the Umbria on May 27.

Eva Williams and "Jack" Tucker are playing a return date at Tony Pastor's.

Evelyn Britton, the gifted and beautiful contralto, is recovering from an operation for appendicitis at her home in Chicago. She was very ill, and at one time her life was despaired of. She will be seen in New York shortly at one of the leading vaudeville houses.

George Yoeman has closed with Bryant and Watson's Australian Beauty Company and opened at Montgomery, Ala., for a fourteen weeks' season with the Southern Amusement Syndicate.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lawrence have secured a new vaudeville sketch called "Left," which they will introduce to the vaudeville stage in June. Mr. Lawrence has been a popular entertainer on the lyceum stage in New England for several years.

Gerald Griffin's success in "Silence is Golden" was so pronounced at Keith's Philadelphia house that he has decided to extend the season.

W. J. Holmes, the Yankee comedian, was taken seriously ill with pneumonia during the performance at the Gem Theatre, Lynn, Mass. He was removed to his brother's home in Boston, and is in a critical condition.

Alice Hanson and Gussie Nelson played an engagement at Koster & Bial's and last week they were at the Harlem Music Hall. They have signed with Reilly and Wood's Company for the coming season.

Gavin and Platt opened at Lindenwald Park, Hamilton, O., in their sketch, "A Gypsy Courtship." They closed the olio and made such a good impression that they were retained for a second week.

Walz and Ardelle canceled their engagement at Poll's Theatre, New Haven, Conn., owing to a disagreement as to their place on the bill.

Blocksom and Burns headed a strong bill during their second week at Ernest's Pavilion, St. Louis. They were at Keith's, Boston, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Litchfield were in the opening bill at Idlewild Park, Newark, O., and made an emphatic hit with manager and public.

Richard Ward was to have headed a special bill at Miner's Bowery Theatre last week, but plans were changed and the house is closed for the summer.

DADDY OF 'EM ALL

George Dixon, champion featherweight fighter of the world. Read his life and battles in "Colored Champions." Newly revised and up-to-date. Handsomely illustrated. Price 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Just a Few Lines in Answer to a Supper Date.

in the near future. They will continue to present "The Hoodoo" next season, and will improve it by the addition of several novel bits of dialogue and business.

H. Percy Meldon, James J. Flanagan and Frances Maryland opened at Keith's, Philadelphia, on June 5, playing Edward McWade's funny sketch, "A Matrimonial Blizzard."

Ollie Young opened on the Burt circuit on May 28 at Sans Souci Park, Chicago, Ill. He has been engaged for next season as the feature of the John W. Vogel and Arthur Denlog Minstrels.

The Fawcette Twin Sisters have accepted a fourteen weeks' engagement with the Southern Syndicate Amusement Company circuit, opening at Mobile, Ala.

Mamie Harnish, the popular serio-comic, after a successful week at the Howard, in Boston, was engaged to play Rosie Brennan in Manager Lothrop's revival of "Muldoon's Picnic" at the Bowdoin Square

START A GALLERY WITH THE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENTS. THEY ARE DRAWING CARDS

DEADLY KENTUCKY FEUD CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM

While Under Arrest for Murder and Guarded by Soldiers at Manchester, Ky., "Tom" Baker is Killed.

THE SIXTH VICTIM OF THE BAKER-HOWARD FEUD.

State Militia, Aided by Gatling Gun, Raid the Sheriff's House Where the Shot Came From and Disperse a Crowd of Armed Men.

By all odds the sensation of the week is the killing of "Tom" Baker, in front of the Court House at Manchester, Ky., while he was guarded by armed soldiers. The shot which sent him to his death was fired from the house of Sheriff Beverly White, a short distance away. The aim was true for Baker fell into his wife's arms, crying:

"Oh, my God, they have killed me."

Baker and his brothers had been indicted for killing Wilson Howard and Burt Stores during a feud and the trial had been transferred to the Knox County Court at Barbourville.

In order to protect the arrested men from the Howard faction several companies of State militia were detailed to guard them, and the start to Barbourville was soon to have been made.

"Tom" Baker, his wife, who is soon to be a mother, his brothers, "Al" and Dee, and his son, "Jim," were in the guard tent to the north of the Court House, and about sixty yards from the residence of Rev. P. White, the Sheriff of Clay County, and brother to "Will" White, who was killed by "Tom" Baker. White had moved his family out of the house, and it was filled with armed men who are friends of White and the Howards.

"Jim" Baker came out of the tent and began whittling a stick. His father, "Tom," followed, and proceeded to give the lad certain instructions regarding the farmwork to be done while the senior was in the Barbourville jail, Judge Cook having refused to admit the Bakers to bail. While they were talking Mrs. Baker ran up and remonstrated with her husband for exposing himself to the guns of their enemies.

Before "Tom" Baker could reply the shot was fired that killed. Mrs. Baker's lamentations were pitiable. She urged the soldiers to turn the Gatling gun on the White residence and riddle it.

Col. Williams ordered the assembly sounded. In less time than it takes to tell every soldier was in place, and a line was thrown across the front of the Court House yard. Capt. Longman brought out his Gatling gun, a hundred cartridges were thrown into the hopper and it was ready for the attack.

Col. Williams gave orders to charge the White residence, and the boys, with bayonets fixed, went forward at double quick, scaling the yard fence.

Before the soldiers reached the house Sheriff White, at the head of thirty men, alarmed with pistols, came out to dispute the way. The soldiers halted. Col. Williams called upon the White-Howard crowd to disperse, but they showed defiance, one of their number aiming his pistol at an officer. He dropped it when the next man to him said, "Don't shoot or we will all be killed." Col. Williams' next order, "Charge!" caused the Howards and Whites to flee into the house. Thence they loudly threatened to shoot any man who tried to enter.

"Bring up the Gatling," ordered Col. Williams, and that powerful persuader was trained on the house. It had a quieting effect on the men inside. After a very brief parley they surrendered. Sheriff White was arrested for resisting the guards.

Col. Williams decided it best to station soldiers around the house of "Daugh" White, the Circuit Clerk, so that it could not be used as a rendezvous for the Howard-White faction.

The Bakers had been rushed into the Court House under a heavy guard, and the body of Tom Baker was placed in the sheriff's office. Friends of the Bakers who had assembled on Goose Creek came nearer to town and sent in spies to find out the lay of the land. They soon discovered their leader was dead, and they vowed vengeance.

"Dee" Baker begged the guards to give him a gun so he could kill "Bev" White, and "Jim" Baker cried for his gun. "Jim" swore he would kill "Bev" White if it took a lifetime.

There is much doubt as to who killed "Tom" Baker. A bystander said he saw the figure of a man, to him unknown, on the porch of the White house a few seconds before the shot was fired.

In less than fifteen minutes after the shooting every business house in town was closed and women fled to the hills. The mountaineers made many threats as to what they would do to the troops if the latter ever fired on them. Hundreds of armed men were scattered through the streets.

The best marksmen were detailed to shoot down the soldiers who composed the Gatling gun squad. These mountaineers are armed with Winchesters and all are crack shots. The soldiers realized that little was

needed to bring on a battle. The Whites are very angry at Col. Williams and Judge Cook. They sent Hiram Bowling to Winchester for John G. White, "Bev" White's brother, who helped "Bev" to exterminate the Hackers several years ago. John G. is expected to arrive before long. He is considered the most desperate member of the family, but is not in favor of defying the authorities. He tried to get "Bev" White to leave Clay county, telling him he would be killed there.

The Bakers are at a disadvantage now, through having lost their leader. It is said that as soon as "Anse" Baker, brother to "Tom," who is in Indiana, comes back he will take up the fight against the Whites and Howards.

Gilbert Garrard, a friend of the Bakers, who had to leave the county because there were several attempts to kill him, is living at Pineville. He says he will take no part in the feud. His father, Gen. T. T. Garrard,



His Wife Caught Him in Her Arms as He Dropped.

declared he will not go away, adding that if the Whites and Howards kill him they will not rob him of many days, as he is eighty-five.

When the most of the excitement had died away the troops left, taking with them the surviving Bakers.

As a result of the feud many citizens have left Manchester temporarily, and the Whites and Howards virtually own the town. Judge Eversole's life has been threatened, and it is said that Judge Cook is a marked man because he gave the prisoners a change of venue.

When the soldiers left, the greatest precautions were taken by Col. Williams.

He had the prisoners completely surrounded by soldiers, so that no sharpshooter could pick them off without hitting a guard. Soldiers were kept watching the windows and doorways. No attack was made, but the Howards and the friends of the dead "Will" White were not asleep. They had a new scheme for vengeance, and the two Bakers were to be killed as "Tom" Baker was. About thirty of the Howard and White men had concealed themselves at a turn in the road to Barbourville, about four miles from town, and had posted themselves on a thickly wooded hill. The ambush was perfect. From their elevated position the sharpshooters could easily pick off the Bakers without greatly endangering the lives of the soldiers, and if they should shoot a little low and kill or wound a guard they would be able to escape up the hill where the guards could not follow. Besides, the mountaineers argued that the soldiers would not get into action until

FANCY MIXED DRINKS

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they themselves were out of range. There was a friend of the Whites in the party of the soldiers in the person of the man who had charge of the wagons.

He was known to be a sympathizer with the Howards, and Col. Williams had been warned to watch his movements closely. Accordingly, three officers were detailed to keep close to him. When this man wanted to ride to the front, just as the wooded hill was reached, he was halted and told that Col. Williams had issued orders to allow no one to go ahead of the troops. He insisted that one of the forward wagons needed fixing, and that he must go to the front.

Col. Williams was called, and he told the man that he must stay back. Then the man threatened to unload every wagon and make the soldiers carry their baggage or leave it on the highway. This enraged the colonel, and he declared the wagons, teams and teamsters impressed into the State's service, and defied the wagon master to carry out his threat.

The man's conduct caused Col. Williams to suspect that something was wrong with the wooded hill. Scouts were sent out, and they quickly reported that the wood was full of armed men. The Gatling gun was ordered unlimbered, and it was soon trained on the hill. The mountaineers, seeing that they were discovered, ran up the hill and disappeared on the other side. The soldiers moved on and encamped at a place fourteen miles from Manchester, where they got soaking wet in the hardest and longest rain of the season. They reached Barbourville in the afternoon, where the Bakers were placed in jail. The troops returned to their homes at Lexington.

The widow of the murdered man is almost frantic over his death. She has eleven sons, and she says she has prayed that her unborn child may be a boy that he may help in the work of vengeance she has laid out for her boys.

"They have sent my oldest boy, Jimmie, to jail," she said, "but he will get out, for they cannot convict him. I shall devote my life to getting revenge for the slaying of Tom. I shall teach the boys that it is their duty to kill every White and every Howard who was in any way responsible for the killing of their father."

YOUNG WOMEN LEARN TO SHAVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is a barber school in Cincinnati, O., where

young women are taught to become barbers. All men with a growth of beards on their chins can be shaved free of charge, in order to give the pupils practice, and the chairs are always full.

AGNES LA BARON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Agnes La Baron is one of the few travesty artists whose methods, while adapted to the needs of vaudeville houses, closely approach the legitimate. She is a popular player and is very near the top rank.

JAMES HEFFERNAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James Heffernan owns a fine news stand at Seattle, Wash. He has a musical voice which can be heard a couple of blocks.

He takes great pride in selling the POLICE GAZETTE, and he disposes of a great many every week.

DANIEL FRERCKS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Daniel Frercks is proprietor of the Arcade Hotel and Bowling Alleys at No. 9 St. Marks Place, New York city. He holds one of the best individual bowling records in the United States, having won the head-pin championship twice, season 1896-97 and 1898-99, and the Richard K. Fox \$1,000 Diamond Trophy that represents the same. He is also a member of the Rosedale Club that won the Champion of Champions contest this year, and displays trophies and medals won in contests held around New York for the past fifteen years. Every old bowler and lover of jolly companionship are on intimate terms with "Dan," and his friends are legion.

OFFICER SHOTS TWO BROTHERS

One is Mortally Wounded and the Other May Die.

HOT FIGHT NEAR THE LINE

One of the Brothers Was Trying to Escape From New Jersey.

James and Jason Campbell, of Newton, N. J., are lying in the Port Jervis, N. Y., Hospital, suffering from revolver wounds inflicted the other night by Constable Hotalen, of Newton, in the Coleville turnpike, on top of the Shawangunk mountains, about one mile from the State line.

James will die. He was shot twice in the left lung. Jason, the younger, is in a precarious condition. The bullet passed three inches above the heart.

Jason Campbell left Newton the other afternoon to escape arrest for wife beating, and, accompanied by his brother James and his uncle George, was hastening to New York State.

Constable John Hotalen and George Dixon pursued in a carriage, and came upon the fugitives at a lonely spot on the top of the mountains. Having demanded Jason's surrender, upon a refusal the constable jumped from his wagon, grasped Campbell's horse by the head, and ditched the vehicle.

The three Campbells jumped out and Jason was made a prisoner. James Campbell swore Hotalen would never take his brother alive, and took hold of the constable. The latter knocked him down with the handcuffs.

Getting up, Campbell again attacked the officer. Campbell was knocked down again. Jason and James then pounced on Hotalen, and they rolled over in the ditch, and Hotalen was badly pounded. The latter drew his revolvers and fired.

James fell back, exclaiming, "My God, I'm shot!"

Jason then sprang at the constable, saying, "I will kill you."

Hotalen again fired, and he fell. James then hit Hotalen with the handcuffs and received a second shot. Hotalen and Dixon then drove to Coleville. Returning to the scene of the encounter they traced the Campbells to Port Jervis, where they were placed in the hospital.

Coroner Joseph Harding took the ante-mortem statements of both brothers. The tragedy caused considerable excitement throughout that section of the country where the Campbells formerly resided. Hotalen was badly bruised about the legs, arms and ribs.

In their statements the brothers deny that they assaulted the constable.

W. HOWARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

W. Howard, who keeps the leading news stand at Port Clinton, O., is one of the brightest business men in town. He says the POLICE GAZETTE sells better than any other sporting weekly.

MINNIE STANLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Stanley was born in London, England, and went into the theatrical ranks when but a child, playing at the Drury Lane. Since her arrival in America she has had some important engagements playing such parts as Edith in "The Planter's Wife," and Justine in "Only a Farmers Daughter."

She was recently the star of the Bronaugh and Jackson Comedy Company.

THINKS IT IS ALL RIGHT.

MONETT, Mo., May 17, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX - Dear Sir: Enclosed find 10 cents for which please send me your "Sporting Annual" for 1899.

I am a regular reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, and I think it is all right. Yours truly, J. A. KIRK.

H. A. TADMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Tadman is an old-time roller and member of the champion of champions bowling team, the Rosedales. He is well known around Greater New York as a steady and reliable bowler and can hold his own in a game with the best of them. He has, during the past decade, belonged to several clubs and his record in important contests is hard to equal. His quiet, unassuming manners have gained him many fast friends.

Some clever bartender will be the proud owner of the \$100 POLICE GAZETTE gold medal this fall. See page 14.

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES

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Photo by Schloss, New York.

MINNIE STANLEY.

ENGLISH BEAUTY WHO IS BECOMING AN AMERICAN FAVORITE.



Photo by F.H., Boston.

CARRIE SCOTT.

THE ORIGINAL BOWERY GIRL AND "THE CLEVER LITTLE MONK."



Photo by Feinberg, New York.

CELESTE AND BAYLESS.

A COUPLE OF YOUTHFUL ARTISTS WHO HAVE MADE A HIT IN THE VAUDEVILLES.



Photo from New Era Studios, Chicago.

AGNES LA BARON.

CLEVER TRAVESTY ARTIST OF TEAM OF LA BARON AND OWD.



Photo by Feinberg, New York.

"FRED" ROBERTS.

HE IS ONE OF THE MOST RENOWNED OF ALL VOCAL COMEDIANS.



Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

A. DE BIASI.

CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN WHO IS A DAINTY FANCY DANCER.



WILLIAM SOWDERS.

GENIAL BARTENDER EMPLOYED AT THE ISLAND HOUSE, PORT CLINTON, O.



W. HOWARD.

NEWSDEALER OF PORT CLINTON O. SAYS THE POLICE GAZETTE IS POPULAR.



LAWRENCE LORENZEN.

HAS SUPPLEMENTS ON THE WALLS OF HIS SALOON AT PORT CLINTON O.



YOUNG WOMEN LEARN TO SHAVE.

MEMBERS OF THE GENTLER SEX TAUGHT HOW TO HANDLE A RAZOR IN A FREE SCHOOL AT CINCINNATI, O.



PULLED HIS WHISKERS.

HOW AN ANGRY WOMAN OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN., TAUGHT A MALE GOSSIP A MUCH NEEDED LESSON.

WOMAN FIERCELY FOUGHT TWO DESPERATE BURGLARS

They Had Bound and Gagged Her Invalid Husband and Were Looting the Place When She Tried to Protect Her Property.

SHE WAS KILLED WITH A PISTOL BULLET.

The Whole Country Aroused Over the Brutal Crime---Bloodhounds Put On the Track of the Fugitives and Posses On a Man Hunt.

A woman of the name of Mrs. Daniel Gott, who lived at Norris City, near Carmi, Ill., was killed at her home by burglars the other morning after a fierce struggle in her room. The two burglars entered the house through a window. Mr. Gott, who had been sick for several years, was awakened by the noise and aroused his wife, who was sleeping in the adjoining room. The burglars rushed upon Gott and knocked him to the floor. He was carried into the kitchen in an unconscious condition and gagged.

Mrs. Gott came running into the room and with a stick of stove wood began to fight the burglars. She was pushed to one side and the masked men went into the parlor and began to ransack the drawers in the dresser.

Mrs. Gott followed and renewed her attack, striking one of the burglars over the head. The men then turned on her and she was knocked to the floor. She arose and in a fit of desperation tore the mask from the face of one of the robbers, who quickly drew a pistol and opened fire on the plucky woman.

He shot her in the head, killing her instantly. The men then rushed from the house and disappeared in the darkness.

The weak and bleeding husband, who was left in the kitchen, regained consciousness an hour after the crime and crawled a quarter of a mile on his hands and knees to a neighbor's house and gave the alarm. The news spread rapidly, and soon a posse of men were in pursuit of the burglars.

They went in the direction of Carmi, and it is believed they caught a freight at that place and went west. The sheriff and a posse of deputies searched the country all day, and late in the afternoon telegraphed to Alton for bloodhounds.

Two negroes were arrested at Carmi the next day, but they were afterward released.

Thousands of people visited the Gott home, and if the men are caught they will doubtless be lynched.

Men for miles around have come on horseback, and are helping in the man search.

Gott told his neighbors that the men were dark complexioned and both wore blue jackets. This leads the officials to believe that the crime was committed by farm hands who live in the neighborhood, and who were familiar with the Gott premises.

Gott says his wife went to the dresser after the burglars had entered, and took her watch and jewels. The men tried to take these from her, and this led to the struggle.

The coroner took charge of Mrs. Gott's remains. He found the face of the woman badly scratched, and her arms and breast bruised, as the result of the struggle in the front room.

A telegram from Carmi, from the sheriff, says there are several men suspected of the crime.

PULLED HIS WHISKERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A man of Chattanooga, Tenn., who was old enough to wear a fine, flowing beard, had it almost pulled out by the roots the other day by a woman who said he had talked about her. He let her pull his whiskers until she got tired, because she had a big whip in her other hand.

CELESTE AND BAYLESS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

With youth, beauty and talent, Celeste and Bayless have little to wish for. They are both clever, and now they have no trouble in appearing at the best vaudeville houses in the country.

"CARRIE" SCOTT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Carrie" Scott made her first hit as a Bowery tough girl, and she was one of the best. Rivals gave way to her and she had the field of tough impersonation to

herself. She grew tired of it, however, and changed her act. Now she does serio-comic songs with the aid of her little monk. He seems to have some of her cleverness, and the team makes a hit, always.

Bartenders and saloonkeepers are requested to send in brief paragraphs for the bartenders column on page 14.

HE KNOWS A GOOD THING.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 10, 1899.

DEAR SIR--Enclosed find ten cents. Please send me one of your "Police Gazette Sporting Annuals" for 1899. I had one. I was so delighted with it that I showed it to all my customers and told them that every man that is a sport should have one. A prize fighter

at that time by holding them off at the point of his gun. The other day Officers Gunder and Reifsnider boarded the freight, and when Doggett jumped on the conductor was sent forward to get him. A desperate struggle ensued, and Doggett was in the act of hurling the conductor from the train when he spied the police running over the cars toward him. He turned, lost his balance and fell from the top of a box car to the ground. Officer Gunder jumped after him, and caught him before he got on his feet. He is wanted for alleged car breaking. The train was running at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

BRINGS THIS MAN TRADE.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 10, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX--Dear Sir: I have been reading your paper for the past ten years and I find it the best sporting paper in the world. I have not missed a single copy in that time. I find it to be the best and only paper for my business and it brings me trade. I also have a fine collection of your supplements and my customers are perfectly delighted with my gallery. Yours for continued success, HENRY HELLBERG, Cor. Ninth and Bryant Streets.

ATHLETIC GIRLS PLAY BALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a great ball game at Bayonne, N. J., the other day, when a team of husky athletic beauties lined up against a team of men. Talk about playing ball!

The girls were strictly in it every time, and they gave their male opponents points every time. It was a hotly contested game from start to finish, and it attracted the largest crowd of the season. The score was 12 to 18 in favor of the gentler sex.

CAPT. LOUIS SORCHO.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A unique specialty is now being presented at many of the leading vaudeville theatres throughout the country by Capt. Louis Sorcho and Madame Dot, the only woman deep sea diver in the world. The entertainment consists of a diving exhibition in a huge glass



She Pluckily Fought Against Great Odds But Was Killed.

stole it from me. It is one of the best sporting books I have ever read. I also have a fine collection of your supplements in my barber shop. I am in need of a few more, then my gallery is out of sight. I remain yours truly, FRED. GEISSLER.

"FRED" ROBERTS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Popularly known as "the man you all know," Everybody knows Roberts, and everybody likes him, for he is one of the best vocal comedians on the stage to-day. His humor is contagious and his songs are effervescent. Furthermore, he is an artist, and he belongs on the stage.

WEDDED IN THE LION'S CAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a sensational and romantic wedding at Kansas City, Mo., the other day, when one of the best known lion tamers in the United States was married to a beautiful snake charmer. The bride wore a snake around her waist and neck.

There was a large crowd to witness the ceremony and many noticed that the new husband didn't kiss his wife after the ceremony. He explained afterward by saying he was afraid the snake would bite him.

FOUGHT ON A CAR.

Desperate Encounter on a Rapidly Moving Freight Train.

"Tough" Doggett, the leader of a gang that have been terrorizing the residents of Springfield, O., for months, was captured the other afternoon by the police after a thrilling chase over a freight train running at high speed. Doggett has been wanted for two months, and has made his escape from the police frequently in

ALL THE COMPLETE RECORDS

Of sports of every kind up to December 31, 1898, will be found in the POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL for 1899. Price, 10 cents each. All newsdealers, or mailed direct from this office.

tank, in which the perils of the diver's occupation is adequately illustrated by Madame Dot, fully attired in the costume worn by divers. Capt. Sorcho delivers an entertaining lecture while the exhibition is in progress, explaining in detail the uses of each part of the diving apparatus.

Capt. Sorcho himself then goes down into the tank and remains for an almost incredible period of time, during which he performs the almost impossible feat of feeding himself under water and indulging in his customary after dinner smoke. Capt. Sorcho believes he can remain under water in a diving dress for a longer time than has ever been accomplished, and intends at some period in the near future to give a record test of seven hours.

MINER RAN AMUCK.

Killed a Man and Was Almost Lynched at Newcastle, Ala.

Joseph Pate, a miner, went from Birmingham to Newcastle, Ala., the other day. He was crazed with drink and as soon as he left the train he began shooting at everything and everybody in sight, and, with his pockets filled with cartridges, he reloaded his pistol as rapidly as it was emptied, and soon the town was in a panic, with police and citizens alike locked in their houses. After having cleaned up the main thoroughfare Pate approached the park, where a picnic party of women and children were enjoying themselves.

Seeing he was about to open fire upon them, Henry Goldsweatherby, a merchant, ran to the mad man and remonstrated with him. Without a word Pate turned on Goldsweatherby and shot him through the heart. Citizens and officers then opened fire on him from cover of trees and houses, and the battle continued for half an hour. Finally James Hutcheson, a merchant, took careful aim and shot Pate's pistol from his hand. The murderer was overpowered before he could regain his weapon, and was hurried off to Birmingham just in time to escape a mob which was forming to lynch him. Pate received several wounds.

ARMED MEN HELD TOWN IN SIEGE

Eight Hundred Strikers Carry the Red Flag in Jersey.

GUNS MADE THEM WEAKEN.

The Superintendent, With a Big Pair, Made Them Drop the Flag.

The town of Little Falls, N. J., which is about five miles from the bustling city of Paterson, N. J., was placed in a state of siege the other day.

Its main thoroughfares were crowded with dark-visaged, crudely armed men, and any dreamer suddenly awakened in the midst of it all would surely have thought himself in the heart of a Central or South American revolution. Eight hundred men, carrying the red flag of anarchy and armed with bludgeons made of young saplings, had walked three miles under the hot sun to the village prepared for a savage fight. They were strikers.

The outbreak had been planned for days. The men, employed at the Great Notch, three miles from Paterson and as far from Little Falls, were dissatisfied. A large proportion of them receive only \$1.25 a day from the T. A. Gillespie Company, which employs them. It was among these that the first trouble arose. They demanded \$1.50 a day, and determined to "hold up" the work until it was conceded.

The T. A. Gillespie Company is the contractor for the East Jersey Water Company, the monopoly which controls most of the watershed of New Jersey. It is erecting at the Great Notch an enormous reservoir, taking advantage of the natural hollow in the mountains, and when completed this will be the greatest reservoir in its big water storage system. The men at the Great Notch appeared early in the morning with weapons instead of tools.

Few had firearms, but all carried great clubs fashioned from young saplings hewn down in the forests. A great demonstration occurred at the company's office.

Superintendent Jones, in charge of the Notch, refused to accede to the demands made, and the leaders declared they would close down the works.

Superintendent Jones found himself in the midst of a throng of excited strikers, and one of their number waved a red flag in his face while the others cheered. Jones, like a flash, produced two revolvers. His opponents were 800 strong, but that made no difference.

"Drop that flag," he yelled, and as the muzzle of one revolver was pressed against his face the standard bearer thought it best to obey. Then Superintendent Jones walked on the flag, and with it under his feet announced that he would shoot the first man who should stand in his way. His pluck commanded either admiration or fear, for the rioters opened out their ranks, and Jones found a clear passage through them to his office.

One of the leaders seemed to have a smattering of military knowledge, and under his direction the mob of eight hundred men was soon in marching order, four abreast and a captain for each squad of sixteen men. Red flags were much in evidence. As the horde reached Little Falls the villagers fled into their houses, barring doors and windows. But the sweltering marchers had no designs upon the village or its inhabitants. On they went until the office of the company, on a height above the scene of actual operations, was reached. There was no one there but a clerk, and the descent upon the works was begun.

Four hundred men were at work. They knew nothing of any strike and a conflict was imminent. But Superintendent Young, in charge at Little Falls, saw the red flags and armed men advancing and divined what was the matter. He decided to avoid bloodshed if possible and had the steam whistle sound the signal to quit work. Most of the men understood and obeyed. The few who either failed to comprehend or went on doggedly were first met with threats and then with bludgeons, and in fifteen minutes the mob had possession of the works.

Mo... the regulation number for a regiment were in line when they marched away.

At his office Sheriff Peter H. Hooper swore in several deputies. They were intrusted with warrants issued by Justice Keys, and are pledge to implicitly obey any orders that may be issued to them by State Detective Magee, who will be at their head.

The deputy... are now at Little Falls. The water company contractors propose to break the backbone of the armed strike. There is little doubt, however, that the strikers will fight for their leaders, and it is feared that there will be bloodshed.

Who mixes your cocktail in the morning? Send a complimentary paragraph about him for publication in the bartenders column of the POLICE GAZETTE.

WOMAN AND HER LOVERS

Now ready. One of the most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

JEFFRIES TELLS HOW HE WON THE BIG FIGHT

Interesting Story of the Features of the Great Championship
Battle From the Californian's Own Lips.

MARVELS AT "FITZ'S" CAPACITY FOR TAKING PUNISHMENT

How He Laid the Blows On Thick and Hard and Wondered Why the Plucky
Australian Did Not Stop Fighting.

When "Jim" Jeffries reached his dressing room after laying Fitzsimmons low he was perhaps the happiest man in the big city. He jumped about gleefully, shook hands with everybody, hugged first one and then the other of his trainers and acted like a man thoroughly crazed with joy. The spectators, as they passed out of the huge amphitheatre, continued to cheer vociferously and the sound reached the burly Californian as he sat on the side of his cot divesting himself of his ring attire. Of course at such a moment as this it was not to be expected that he could give a rational account of what transpired in the ring, but in the intervals when he was not in the throes of joy and manifesting his delight in some characteristic manner, "Joe" Campbell, of the *Washington Post*, managed to get a somewhat disjointed story from the new champion about the happenings in the ring. In speaking first about Fitzsimmons he said:

"He's a big, strong, healthy fellow, with a long reach, and is constantly coming. What I mean by coming is that he shuffles into his opponent and is on the advance much oftener than he breaks ground. I never did consider him a skilled boxer, because he swings too much, and, after having seen him spar with his partner and fight Corbett at Carson City, I thought he was a cinch for me. In the first place, I had him on the weights, and I knew that by slipping inside those clinches and roughing it a bit with him I would get him. I couldn't see for the life of me how he could ever discover my jaw with that right-hand swing that put wheels in the head of Jim Hall, and I wondered how he ever landed on such a clever fellow as Hall with that long hayseed swing that a Rube fighter, a dub, ought to avoid.

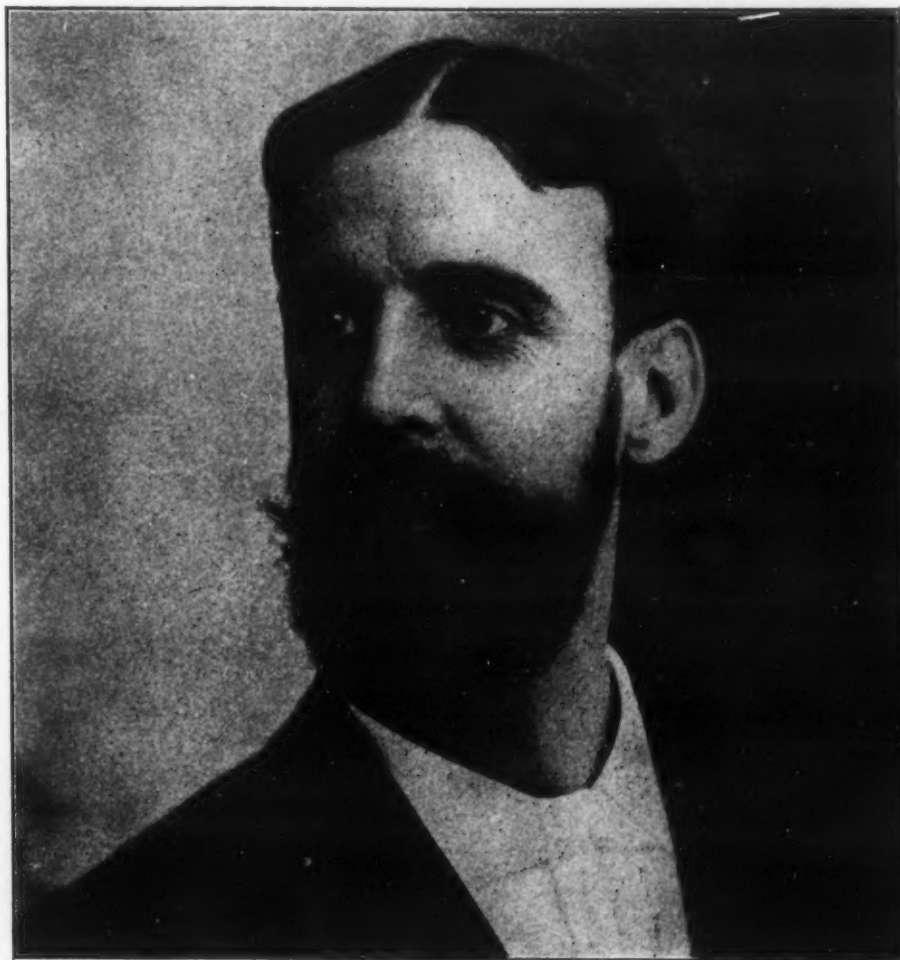
"But he had the luck with him, and I suppose every boxer to be a champion must have luck. He was the luckiest one-punch fighter for a champion the ring has ever known. But there is no denying his ability as a ring general. He is a deceptive feint with his feet and hands. He pays little or no attention to his defense, but stands ready to take a chance at getting hit if he can return the blow. He figures that he can hit twice as hard as his opponent and can stand more punishment. He is always studying to locate a certain spot on which his terrific punch can find lodging. His has been a peculiar career. He has been hit often and on the verge of Queer street, as the British pugs say. Choyne had him going and almost gone in Boston, but his wits came back to him before the referee counted the ten. Then Peter Maher copped a sneak on the Kangaroo's jaw in New Orleans, the gong at the round's end saving 'Fitz.' It always looked as if 'Fitz' made a bluff that he was groggy just to lure on his victim, but I never thought so. I like the action of Fitzsimmons' feet better than his hands. While he is not shifty of foot, still he has an awkward and puzzling way of shifting about in sidesteps, this scheme having a knockout punch for its object. He is constantly sneaking to the right or left of his opponent as he figures that by these manoeuvres he can locate the jaw or body easier with his swings.

"He tried this dodge on me, but I was looking for it, and either blocked his swing or stepped inside of them, his arm and glove encircling my neck as I closed on him. He tried often, and landed his glove on the back of my neck repeatedly. The glove chafed my neck, and I will have to take out the soreness with witch hazel and hot water. 'Fitz' wasn't exactly stuck on my rough work. You probably noticed that I slammed against him without hitting a blow, allowing my weight to lean on his body. I could see that he was puffing from the effects of this collision, and this trick of leaning and slamming the body against him took the wind out of his bellows. I got a fair sample of his hitting ability when he copped me with a double swing in the fourth round. These blows jarred me for an instant, and I felt them more than any other punch delivered during the fight. I could tell by the expression of his face and the peculiar searching look in his little gimlet-eyes that he was worried as early as the sixth round, and as confident as ever, and thought perhaps that his old streak of luck would come to his rescue and release him from a tough corner.

"Even after I had felled him in the tenth round he was still as confident as ever, for when he answered the bell for the next round, he came after me with his right swing. This attempt to come for a knockout was the tamest of the fight. He swung clear from his hips, and I couldn't help smiling at this tame play of his to get me. After all, when you sum up Fitzsimmons you must give him credit for having the greatest powers of recuperation that were ever bestowed by nature on a boxer. Just think how he recovered when I put him down the first time in the second round. I thought it was all off, but he was up and doing before Siler reached the ten mark. This gift of quick recovery has to do with physical vitality rather than science. Combined with his cool head, ring generalship, punching powers and foot work, you have the qualities that make him a great fighter.

"I am told that he has gone back physically since the Carson City fight, but I doubt it. If he is on the wane as regards physique, how could he come back so

after receiving such a wallop as I laid on him? This is not conceit on my part; I am just telling facts. I had an opening to lay it on him in the tenth, and I never punched a man so hard in my life. If I were 'Fitz' I would go after this 'Kid' McCoy, who has been four-flushing around here for the past three or four days with an offer to fight the winner. I just want to see this foxy 'Kid' and 'Fitz' hook up, but I doubt whether they will or not, as they are pretty thick friends. I will take a few months' rest, and then would like to hear from Sharkey. I took a solemn oath to myself a few weeks ago that I would never engage in any of this fighting in printer's ink, and any back talk, knocks or roasts or bluffs. This match with Fitzsimmons was made without a hitch. There was no mud-slinging on either side. I had no personal grudge against Fitzsimmons, nor have I against any man in



JOHN T. MEEHAN.

President of the Dolando Club and a Favorite in New York Sporting Circles.

the world. We were both confident of winning, and the match was made in the spirit of fairness and honesty.

"It was a business proposition from the jump, and during our training there wasn't a word passed Fitzsimmons' lips in the way of a knock. That's the way to make matters. I will never get into any argument with any of my challengers. I will talk business when it comes to signing articles of agreement, and will be ready for business when the time arrives to see who is the better man. My old daddy, an humble clergyman, out in California, taught me to be a man at every stage. I have stuck by his golden rule teaching, though this rule doesn't exactly occur in my profession, does it? The boxing promoters will have another argument in favor of boxing to get back at the Parkhursts—'What are you knocking boxing for, Mr. Parkhurst? Isn't 'Jim' Jeffries the son of a minister? You wouldn't take the bread and butter out of the mouth of the son of one of your own profession, would you?' How's that for an argument?"

RICHIE WILL FIGHT MCGOVERN.

"Johnny" Richie, of Chicago, is generally conceded to be the best bantam in the West. He has beaten the leading boxers of that section at his weight, and now comes East to tackle the hardest proposition in this part of the country—'Terry' McGovern. These boys meet at the Westchester, N. Y., Athletic Club on the

WILL SETTLE ALL DISPUTES

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afternoon of June 24. This will be the first glove bout held in the open air in this vicinity, and promises to attract much attention. The club is located at Tuckahoe, twenty-two minutes from the Grand Central Station, and trains will run by the clubhouse door. The doors will open at 3 P. M. The preliminary bout will go on at 4 o'clock, and McGovern and Richie will face each other at 5 P. M. Clark's Westchester Cornet Band will furnish the music. Pictures will be taken of the bout, which promises to be the greatest battle between little men in the history of the ring. McGovern began training the other day. After this bout he will rest until fall.

JOHN T. MEEHAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The Dolando Club is named after that sterling, good race horse, Dolando. The origin of the horse's cognomen is Dolan, and "Pat" Dolan, known away back in the seventies as "Coffee Pat," keeps a famous coffee and cake cafe on Park Row, New York city, right in the heart of the newspaper district. John T. Meehan is "Pat" Dolan's nephew, and upon him devolves the duty of keeping the coffee up to its famous standard of excellence and the luscious butter cakes invitingly hot and toothsome.

When Dolando was adding to his victories on the turf, the coffee and cake crowd on Park Row made him the medium of many a plunge, and, good, honest horse that he was, he always brought the coin home, and the plethora and well-filled purses told more eloquently than words how much "the Row" thought of him.

At any rate, a club was organized and named after him, with "Johnny" Meehan as president, and it prospered so well that 663 names are now enrolled as members, and among them are some of the leading representative men of the metropolis, political leaders, police officials and magistrates and sporting men. Labor circles are represented by the General Master Workman of the K. of L., also by James P. Farrell, president Typographical Union No. 6; James Fitzgerald, of the Letter Carriers Association, newspaper editors, etc., etc. The officers of the club are: John T. Meehan, president; Dr. H. A. Anderson, first vice-president, Peter J. Hickey, second vice-president; James P.

CHALLENGES FROM ASPIRING SPORTS

If You Want a Match Send Your Def to
the "Police Gazette."

CHALLENGE STILL HOLDS GOOD.

NEWARK, N. J., June 15.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I want to call your attention to the fact that my challenge to play the piano for thirty-six hours, which was published some time ago in these columns, has not been accepted. Perhaps no woman performer will admit being over 35 years old. The challenge still holds good and I'll withdraw the age question and challenge any woman from 16 to 60. Yours truly, BILLY L. PRICE, One of the Bell Sisters, 172 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

BOXING CHALLENGE FROM THE WEST.

FT. SMITH, Ark., June 12.

DEAR SIR—I stand ready to engage in a fistie contest with any 100-pound boy in America and can find backing for \$500. Am willing to engage in a finish contest or for a limited number of rounds before the club offering the largest purse. HUGH BYRNES, Care POLICE GAZETTE.

CHANCE FOR HANDBALL PLAYERS.

YONKERS, N. Y., June 10, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Kindly insert in your challenge column that I stand ready to play any man a series of handball games for a side bet of \$100. GEORGE E. RICE.

WANTS TO FISH.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I hereby challenge any man to a fishing contest, to last eight hours, at any point off the Jersey coast, for a sum of not less than \$100. Man and money to be found at Thompson's, Ocean Grove pier, where all arrangements can be made. FRANK.

WHO CAN OPEN CLAMS?

KEYPORT, N. Y.

TO THE POLICE GAZETTE—I think I can beat any man in the world opening clams, and I am willing to back my opinion to the extent of \$50. Five hundred clams to be opened by each man, and expenses paid to place of contest. Hoping to hear from some of the Fulton Market crack-jacks, I remain yours truly, JAMES L. WATSON.

HEAVYWEIGHT SPRINTER.

William J. Burke, manager of the United States Hotel, Litchfield, Conn., challenges anybody his weight, which is 350 pounds, to meet him in a sprinting contest for the championship of Connecticut, which he claims.

CHECKER PLAYERS, TAKE NOTICE!

CHICAGO, Ill., June 9, '99.

SPORTING EDITOR, POLICE GAZETTE—I wish to take advantage of your challenge column, which I read with pleasure. I am considered quite a player of checkers by my friends, and can find backing to the amount of \$100 for a series of five games, and am willing to let the POLICE GAZETTE arrange the details of the match. Yours truly, P. DUNN, Care of POLICE GAZETTE.

HOW ABOUT THIS, BARBERS!

NEW YORK, June 9, '99.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Louis Joseph hereby challenges any barber in the Twenty-second ward to cut hair three different styles. Man and money can be found at Edward Lang's saloon, 501 West Forty-third street, New York.

"PETE" SEYMOUR WANTS TO DANCE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I take the liberty of issuing a challenge to any neat or eccentric buck dancer in the world. Please publish. Respectfully yours, "PETE" SEYMOUR, 125 Michigan Avenue.

Send in your challenges for this column.
Everything goes.

ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT.

Erne is a Slight Favorite Over Lavigne for the Fight on July 3.

Notwithstanding the fact that "Kid" Lavigne and Frank Erne will not meet until July 3, betting on the result of the battle for the lightweight championship of the world has already begun, and Erne is a slight favorite over the present champion. A bet of \$600 to \$550 was made in one of the Buffalo pool rooms and there is plenty of even money to be had in several sporting resorts. "Nate" Fenton, "Kid" McCoy's local representative, says he has a thousand to bet on the Buffalo boy at even odds and it is predicted that Erne will go to the post a favorite.

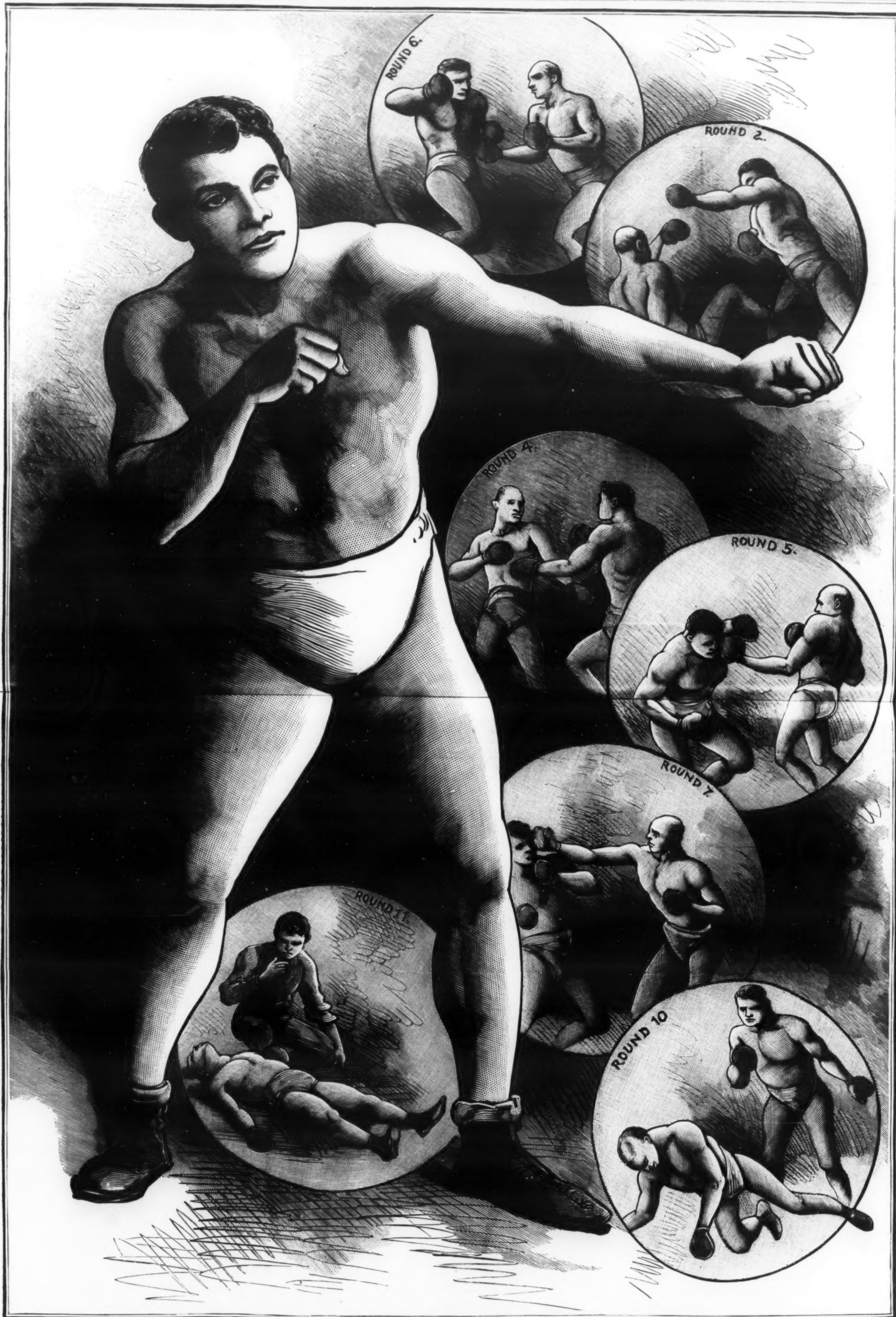
The meeting of Lavigne and Erne will be the next important ring contest to take place in New York State under the Horton law. It will be for the championship of the world and it is safe to say that the Hawthorne Athletic Club's arena at Buffalo, N. Y., which by the way is the largest in the world, will be filled to overflowing when the bell rings. The demand for seats is large and it comes from all over the country.

Lavigne is training at Oceanic, N. J., and is reported to be at weight and in perfect condition. Erne, who is doing his work at Buffalo, is in good shape and confident of wrestling the championship from Lavigne, just as Jeffries did from Fitzsimmons.

A NIGHT WITH THE BOYS

Without that blue awakening is yours if you follow the recipes in the "New Police Gazette Bartender's Guide." All new and fancy drinks and how to mix them. Compiled by an expert. Illustrated in colors. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

SEND \$1.00 to this OFFICE and get the POLICE GAZETTE and SUPPLEMENTS for 13 WEEKS



JAMES J. JEFFRIES, CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF THE WINNER OF THE POLICE GAZETTE CHAMPIONSHIP BELT AND IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE GREAT FIGHT WITH BOB FITZSIMMONS AT CONEY ISLAND ON JUNE 9.

READ THE POLICE GAZETTE, THE BEST SPORTING WEEKLY IN THE WORLD.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR POLICE GAZETTE READERS

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Appertaining to Sports.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION COMPLETE AND ACCESSIBLE.

We Cheerfully Supply Our Correspondents With Information---Don't Hesitate to
Avail Yourself of Our Expert's Knowledge.

G. M., Farmington, N. H.—B is right.
K. M. D., Houston, Tex.—B wins the money.
J. K., Joliet, Ill.—He must follow suit or trump.
G. W. G., New Durham, N. H.—Help him last.
T. C. G., Atlantic City, N. J.—It is played both ways.
L. C. G., Jersey City, N. J.—Choyneki was defeated by Jeffries and Fitzsimmons.
M. J. G., East Oakland, Cal.—Are there any Portuguese fighters?
.....We never heard of one.
S. M. G., Terrell, Tex.—Is "Jim" Jeffries a white man or a negro?
.....White, born in Ohio.
E. H. M., Pendleton, Ore.—My friend bet "Jim" Jeffries is colored; I bet he is not. He is a white man.
C. G., Pittsford, Pa.—Has Corbett fought since he was defeated by "Fitz"?
.....Yes, and was defeated by Sharkey.
G. E. R., Newark, O.—What was the date of the Sullivan-Ryan fight that took place in Mississippi?
.....Feb. 7, 1882.
F. B. J., Trenton, N. J.—Who has won the most fights? Buy a "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," all records, 10 cents.
A. L., Calgary, Canada.—Who is the champion heavyweight pugilist of the world?
.....Jeffries is champion of the world.
W. E. M., Pittsburg, Pa.—Is James Jeffries champion heavyweight pugilist of the world or of America?
.....Of the world.
P. C., St. Paul, Minn.—What horse won the World's Fair Derby in '93, and with what jockey?
.....Boundless; Garrison up.
G. R. K., Wheeling, W. Va.—A broke a pot, draws two cards and throws away three. Can he play the hand (four cards)?
.....No.
T. W. W., New Berne, N. C.—A bets that one horse weighs more than the other; both weigh exactly the same. Who wins?
.....A draw.
R. P. S., Kamloche, Wash.—In seven-up, has or has not a player the right to bid enough (not exceeding four) to put the dealer out?
.....No.
A. E. V., Baltimore, Md.—A bets Fitzsimmons was born in Australia; B bets Fitzsimmons was born in England. Who wins?
.....B wins.
W. C. W., Hancock, Mich.—What was the greatest weight "Tom" Sayers ever fought at?
.....He usually fought at 156 or 158 pounds.
C. C. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world, or was he champion of America?
.....Champion of America.
P. T. B., New Haven, Conn.—A bets 15-ball pool was in existence 25 years ago; B bets it was not. It is at least twenty-five years old.
J. W., Hoboken, N. J.—Was John L. Sullivan the acknowledged champion of the world?
.....He was so regarded, although he never won the title.
P. O. M., Glisan, Ill.—A, B and C are playing seven-up; A deals; B goes out on the hand being played; to whom does the deal pass, A or C?
.....C.
F. G. P., Sistersville, W. Va.—What was the exact weight of Fitzsimmons and Dempsey when they fought at New Orleans?
.....156½ and 147½, respectively.
K. and G., Deadwood, S. Dak.—How many different ways can five dice come or how often will five aces average?
.....Get a mathematician to figure it for you.
W. M., Columbus, O.—We have a recollection of his having assaulted a street car conductor, although it is so long ago that the details have been forgotten.
E. D. B., Lansingburgh, N. Y.—What was Fitzsimmons' weight the first time he fought Peter Maher?
.....No weights were taken. About 165 pounds, however.
S. M. G., Joliet, Ill.—A, B and C are playing a game of seven-up; A and B hold 10 aces for game; C has 8 for game; who counts game?
.....Non-dealer who has most.
H. C. M., Chicago.—Choyneki and Fitzsimmons represent different types of boxers; both are clever and we would not care to venture an opinion. 2. On the law.
C. A. C., Sturgis, Mich.—A and W play a game of cribbage; W holds an eight hand; in counting he called 8, but only pegged 7. Can A take the one W lost?
.....Yes.
M. E. W., Akron, O.—Did Fitzsimmons challenge Corbett after their fight at Carson City?
.....He not only did not challenge Corbett but he refused to accept a challenge.
M. R. C., Greeley Center, Neb.—In a game of forty-five the ace of hearts is lead, another suit is trump; may a player retain a minor trump provided he plays a heart?
.....Yes.
C. S. W., Washington, D. C.—A and B are engaged in a game of seven-up; A deals the cards, and there is no game out. Who gets game, A or B?
.....B. Non-dealer gets game.
J. F. M., Sing Sing, N. Y.—In reply to you in last issue an error occurred. It should have read Frank Erne and George Lavigne, instead of George Dixon, met in 10-round draw.
V. B., New York.—In a four-handed game of euchre can the man who has last say order up the dealer if holding no trump simply to prevent dealer from playing a lone hand?
.....Yes.
J. E. S., Newark.—Is it possible for me to obtain pictures of the various fighters, their battles surrounding them, as published as supplement to Police Gazette of April 22?
.....No.
D. R., So. Chicago.—In playing a four-handed game of seven-up, the cards are run out to the last one. Can the dealer turn said card without asking the permission of the beggar?
.....He cannot.
R. M., New York.—A bets Corbett is the cleverest boxer in the middleweight and heavyweight class at present. Corbett does not admit that he has retired, and his ability must be recognized.
C. H., Moline, Ill.—C bets that Corbett whipped Kilrain in eight rounds; H bets he didn't. Who wins?
.....Corbett won a decision over Kilrain in six rounds at New Orleans, La., Feb. 18, 1890.
E. Q., West Hoboken, N. J.—A bets that "Fitz" is the champion middleweight of the world, and B says "No." Which wins?
....."Fitz" is the recognized champion middleweight of the world.
J. S. C., Barnesville, Minn.—A and B are playing a game of seven-up, ten points; both are nine; A is dealing and turns a jack and B holds the ace; which goes out first, A or B?
.....A wins.
A. C., Kansas City, Mo.—A and B play a game of pitch; A is 10 points; B is 10 points; 11 points is out; A bids 2; B bids 3; B makes low, jack, game, and A makes high. Who goes out?
.....A wins.
B. F. M., Duncan, I. T.—A bets B 2 to 1 that Corbett did not knock Sullivan out when they fought. Sullivan was knocked down and was so exhausted that he could not get up. He was counted out.
F. W. J. H., Key West, Fla.—Is Cavendish authority on whist? Who is authority on pinochle? Who wins the game in pinochle, providing both sides can count out after the hand is played? Will the side win that takes the last trick?
.....1. Cavendish is a stand-

and whist authority. 2. Mr. Pinochle, address unknown. 3. No. Must play to 1200.
H. J. M., Greenwich, N. Y.—In forty-five, supposing H leads the ace of hearts when clubs are trumps and B has no trumps but has the king of hearts in his hand, is he obliged to put on the king of hearts?
.....Yes.
G. P., Keyport, N. J.—In an eight-horse race, A and B pick two horses; A's horse runs second in first heat and B's runs fourth; in second heat, B's runs third and A's fourth. Which wins?
.....A wins, his horse being nearest to first money.
J. F. S., Fairview, Ill.—A, B, C and D play draw poker; A deals; B has ace; after draw must B bet first? To make a jack-pot after draw if B ages and all pass, is it a jack-pot or does B take pot?
.....1. C bets first. 2. B takes pot.
H. C., Lawrence, Mass.—In playing smudge pitch, A was 4 and he bid 2 and made high, low, jack, and threw up his hand, saying he was out; B claimed he ought to have played his hand out, so he could get game and put him on the board. A did right.
L. S., Northampton, Mass.—A and B play auction pitch; A is 9 and B is 8; B gives A two; A takes two and calls out; is he out? A



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and B play high, low, jack, game, pedro, 21 points; A is 20 and B 17; B gives A one; is he out?
.....1. Cannot call out. 2. No.
A. S., Cairo, Ill.—A, B, C and D playing Casino; A makes a nine by building 6 and 3; B plays and C, who is A's partner, builds a 10 with a 7 and 3. The question is, can A put an ace on his own pile and make a 10 out of it if he has a 9 and 10 in his hand?
.....No.
A., Carthage, O.—A, B, C and D are playing a game of euchre A and B are partners; C and D partners; A plays it alone, C playing it alone against him; how many tricks must A get to make four points? How much does C get when he euchres A?
.....1. Five. 2. Two.
J. D. R., New York.—In a four-handed game of euchre when the partner of the dealer says he assists, does not the dealer have to take up the card turned up and make that the trump? Can the partner of the dealer tell the dealer to take up the card?
.....1. Yes. 2. No.
J. F., —C bets there would be no decision and F bets there would be a decision in the fight between Rubin and Maher. Which wins?
.....F probably meant a decision in favor of either man, or in other words, fight would be a draw. The referee decided the bout a draw.
L. M., New York.—What was the lowest weight "Tom" Sayers fought at for the championship of England? Can a man bet on a sure thing and win?
.....1. 156 is reputed to be the weight at which he fought. 2. Yes, if his opponent doubts the correctness of his information.
O. M. C., Kingston, Pa.—I made a bet on the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight. I bet that the fight would not last eleven rounds, and thought if it started the eleventh that I had lost my money, but since then I have been told that I won. You won. The fight did not last eleven full rounds.
A. F. S., Salt Lake City, Utah.—Did Peter Maher ever hold the championship of the world? Did Corbett ever give the championship belt to Maher? Did Fitzsimmons become champion of the world when he defeated Maher? When did Fitzsimmons become

BIG FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS

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champion of the world?.....1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. When he defeated Corbett.

D. H., Manila, P. I.—A and B are in a game of stud poker; A raises the pot; all drop out except B; on the come out A bets; B lifts him; A calls; B says he has a pair of tens; A says the tens win; B takes in the pot; A, on lifting up his hole card, finds he has a flush. Who wins the pot?
.....A wins.

C. L. B., Estacion de Mocteva, Coah, Mexico.—An argument came up here over the weight of "Bob" Fitzsimmons when he fought "Jack" Dempsey. A bet that Fitzsimmons fought at over the middleweight limit; B bet that he did not. Which is correct?
....."Fitz" weighed 150½ pounds. Less than the limit.

D. A. Z., La Porte, Ind.—Game of casino; A has 18 points; B 16; A deals and calls game on the last card played, having in his hand three points, spades, little casino and one ace; B has the eight remaining points, cards, big casino and three aces. Who wins?
.....B wins. Points go out as follows: Big casino, little casino, aces, cards and spades.

J. J. G., Herington, Kan.—A, B, C and D are playing jack-pot poker; A opens the pot on aces; B stays on kings and aces; A draws three cards, B one card; A looks at his hand and checks it; B throws down kings and aces, and A says that is good; B takes the pot; A made a mistake in his hand; he had aces and jacks, but did not know it until he showed his openers. Which wins?
.....A wins.

R. H., Burlington, N. C.—A and B play pool; A shoots and puts a ball in the end pocket, but at the same time his cue ball goes into the opposite pocket; does he spot one or two balls? B further bet A that if he has always been a rule of the fifteen-ball game that when a scratch is made when a ball is pocketed the ball pocketed must be put on the spot and another also, no matter whether the cue ball followed in or went into some other pocket. Who is right?
.....1. Spots two. 2. B is right.

FOUR KNOCK-OUTS IN FIVE FIGHTS

There were knock-outs galore in the Auditorium, at Detroit, Mich., on June 9, for the edification of several thousand people who assembled there to hear the returns from the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight read from the ring.

"Charlie" Cross knocked out Fountain Barnett, "Jim" Watts trainer and manager, in one fierce round. "Kid" Wellman took the place of "Billy" Peters, who did not show up, and went on with "Jim" Watts, of Louisville. Watts scored a knock-out in the sixth round. Wellman received terrible punishment. Frank Blackhouse put away "Andy" Ward, 125-pound champion of Canada, in one round with a terrific hook on the jaw. Ward was unconscious for two minutes.

"Jack" Hammond added another to his long string of victories by putting "Paddy" Nagle, of St. Catherine's, Ont., to sleep in four hot rounds. Nagle had the best of the first round, but after that Hammond swung his victorious left several times on the jaw, chest

JEFFRIES MAKES HIS MAIDEN SPEECH

Spars With "Jim" Daly in the
Ring at Coney Island.

WALSH AND HANDLER DRAW

Another Surprise for Students of
Pugilistic Form.

With a smile on his face and unmindful of the manner in which he would make his exit this time, "Jim" Jeffries appeared again on Monday night last in the same ring in which he dethroned Fitzsimmons and became champion of the world. Four thousand spectators were present to applaud his efforts, which consisted of boxing three enjoyable one-minute rounds with "Jim" Daly and incidentally making a speech—the first by the way that he had up to then perpetrated upon a suffering public. He was there for exhibition purposes only, but as he pranced around over nasty old blood stains that spotted the canvas-carpeted ring where "Fitz" fell and a pugilistic tragedy was enacted, he could not but thank his good fortune that matters terminated as they did.

When he was introduced, the big fellow turned about and bowed in a fashion that was a compromise between Chesterfield and a derrick.

But, oh, my, what a difference when he got to work! He lumbered about with the activity and grace of a kangaroo. He put it all over unhappy Daly, who fled at the end of the bout.

Then came James J. Jeffries' first speech outside of a schoolroom. "Speech I Speech I" yelled the crowd.

Jeffries came to the center of the ring, bowed in a jerky fashion and began.

Here is his speech. He began it in a weak, piping voice: "I thank you one and all, and"—(Great applause.)—Jeffries began again. "I thank you one and all for your kind applause, and I will do my best to defend the championship."

Then the big champion faded away toward his dressing room.

It was not long before two men who were ready to fight appeared. They were "Jimmy" Handler of Newark, and "Andy" Walsh of Brooklyn. They were to travel twenty-five rounds at catch weights. The betting was 100 to 40 on Handler.

Walsh had something the better of the first round, although he walked around like a cart horse. He did all of his work with his left, landing two or three nice punches in Handler's bread-basket.

In the second Walsh tried a right swing for the neck, but he got too far back and his wrist cracked against Handler's ear. Handler forced the fighting, but no damage was done by either man.

Handler started the third like a wild man until Walsh choked him with a left uppercut in the jaw, which rattled his teeth. Then Walsh went to his man, and for a while it looked very Brooklyn. The rally surprised Handler. It was "Andy's" round.

It went along through the fourth with Handler making a better showing. The heavy raps were about even up. Walsh was surprising his friends. In the fifth both began fighting for the body.

Walsh swung an uppercut that missed. It lifted him off his feet and he went in the air. Handler did the same thing a moment later. Walsh was holding his own in surprising fashion, considering the betting. Handler had a small lead both in this round and the next. His superior strength was beginning to tell. He caught Walsh a clip on the jaw that was very near the hinge. It did no harm, however. Walsh held his own in the pointing.

The eighth round was all Walsh. He punched Handler hard and often. Once he swung an uppercut left, which landed danger-ously near Handler's groin. The latter put down his hand and made a grimace of pain. Handler crend up in the ninth, and when the bell rang had Walsh moving lively to keep out of his way.

Handler increased his lead materially up to the thirteenth round. Then in trying to finish his man he worked himself to a frazzle, and went to his chair with his mouth open like a chicken with the crop. Walsh still had the short end of it, however. Both men failed to do anything in particular up to the sixteenth round.

Then Walsh went right into Handler and evened matters up in fine style. He set the house roaring with a series of body punches that made Handler grunt. The latter put down his hand and made a swing, and when the bell rang the battle was even.

At this point Walsh appeared to have the key to Handler's defense.

This was erroneous, however, as in the eighteenth round the Newark man again had a percentage. He rushed Walsh all over the ring, but the latter fought back gamely and coolly.

Handler worked hard to get in a fatal punch, but failed. It went along to the end without a knockdown.

Handler did the better work throughout. The referee called the bout a draw.

The proceedings were opened by a ten-round bout between two fighters of the 125-pound variety. They were "Eddie" Lenny of Philadelphia, and "Jack" McDonald of Newark. The latter had taken the place of Frank Patterson, who could not appear.

When the bout ended McDonald's face was terribly out and bruised. Lenny danced about him and did all sorts of things, scientific and otherwise. "Dan" Hickey gave him the boot.

"COPPERS" STOPPED THE BOUT.

The police were in evidence at the Greenwood Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 10, and put an end to the twenty-round bout between "Billy" O'Donnell, of Memphis, and Frank Patterson, of Brooklyn, in the twelfth round, and the referee was forced to declare the bout a draw. At the time the authorities stepped in Patterson was on the verge of knocking his opponent out. The bout lost much interest owing to the rough tactics employed by both.

The first preliminary was billed for ten rounds between "Jim" Ross and "Charley" Costello. Ross, after being walloped all over the ring, quit in the second round.

Thomas Felsch and Terrence Edwards, two local celebrities, met in the second go. Edwards used a left hand to good advantage and easily secured the referee's decision.

EX-AMATEUR FOUGHT HARD.

Owing to heat prostration, Otto Sietoff, of Chicago, was unable to keep his engagement with Hugh McWinters at the Pelican A. C., of Brooklyn, on June 10 and Percy McIntire, who won the A. A. U. 145-pound championship, was substituted for him. McIntire got a p u n d i n g all through the twenty rounds, but after the seventeenth, when McWinters threw his left arm out from the shoulder, gave as good as was sent. Referee Herald declared the bout a draw. In the preliminaries "Eddie" Goodbody got a decision over "Johnny" Reagan, and "Jack" Fox won from "Jack" McGovern.

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JEFFRIES' IMMENSE WEIGHT A FACTOR IN HIS VICTORY

Displayed Much Cleverness and Punching Ability, but Had Advantages Over His Experienced Adversary.

CONSERVATIVE, ANALYTICAL STUDY OF THE BATTLE.

Jeffries and Sharkey Will Probably be Matched---Corbett in Line Again for Ring Honors---Timely Small Talk.

Well, the big fight is over, Fitzsimmons has been dethroned and the laurel wreath adorns the classic brow of another youth whose name is spread upon the pages of pugilistic history beside the title of champion of the world. It's up to me I suppose to tell why I fancied Jeffries and ventured to express the opinion that he would win. Some other so-called sporting writers, had they been successful in picking the winner, would be spending their leisure time trying to adjust a straw bonnet to an 8-inch head with a shoe horn, but a careful measurement of my cranium has failed to develop any abnormal enlargement and I have not even once said, "I told you so." Picking the winner of this fight was not such a difficult thing to accomplish. The conditions favored Jeffries, and that he would win was, barring accident, inevitable. His weight alone was an advantage which Fitzsimmons fully recognized, and one which his science and game-ness could not equalize. The victor put this forty-pound advantage in evidence every time the two clinched and the lighter man was borne down and wearied beneath the ponderous load of flesh, muscle and bone which he was forced to support until Referee Siler pushed himself wedgelike between them and broke them apart. There is nothing in the rules which prohibited "Jeff" from doing that sort of thing as often as he could and he availed himself of the privilege much to "Fitz's" discomfort and disadvantage. The latter came out of every clinch tired and weak, his spindly legs, which have been the wonder of the fighting world, began to wobble in time and he was unable to move about with that degree of celerity which characterized his movements in the earlier rounds of the fight. His arms grew tired from trying to throw off this ponderous bulk, his blows became weak and lacked effectiveness, his strength was gone and when this happened the end was inevitable.

Jeffries gained a magnificent victory and nobody with a sense of fairness and justice could detract one iota from the credit due him. He availed himself of the advantages he possessed, and which I pointed out to my readers two weeks before the fight to support my argument in his favor. Big men can be over-matched as well as little ones. "Fitz" conceded weight and height to his opponent. As to whether Jeffries proved himself to be more clever than the Australian is a matter which depends for analysis upon the respective reaches of the men. Jeffries' arms are so abnormally long that he found it a comparatively easy matter to peck and hit at the Australian without fear of counter blows. When his sturdy left landed full on "Fitz's" nose, "Fitz's" fist, with his arm fully extended, was a couple of inches away from the objective point of his return blow. It was only when the fighting was at short range that "Fitz" demonstrated that he was equal, if not superior, to his long-armed opponent. Then he did terrible execution, and once when he made a sharp feint with the left for the body, shifted and brought his right to the Californian's cheek it looked for a second like as if he might "bring home the checks," but he was only able once to do it successfully, for "Tommy" Ryan, who was in "Jeff's" corner, and who knows too much about "Fitz's" peculiar style not to be dangerously useful to any man who fights him, quickly told "Jeff" how to evade it, and one of the Australian's tricks was rendered useless. He was quick and resourceful in getting away from the Californian's punches during the earlier rounds of the battle, and really forced the issue until he began to grow weak from the impact of "Jeff's" ponderous rushes and clinches. The latter used his head and shoulders to advantage in these terrific rushes. Time and again, in ducking a blow, his head and shoulder shot into the Australian's ribs with tremendous force.

No human power could have withstood the impact of this battering, and nobody but "Fitz" can tell how materially more harmful the blows were than the same number of body punches. "Fitz" tried every trick he knew to get Jeffries in position for one of his famous blows. He feinted to distance and drove his right with the force of a catapult against the corrugated ridges which covered "Jeff's" stomach. He might as well have been punching away at the steel belt of an armored cruiser. Jim's solar plexus was not a vulnerable point to him, and he soon found out that he could do little damage at that quarter, at the great cost of leaving an opening which might result in his own undoing. When he subsequently tried and failed to reach Jeffries' jaw, owing to the ease with which the latter could block up and throw the blow off, he was utterly powerless, and was forced to depend upon a chance opportunity.

"Fitz's" great reputation for being a marvelous ring tactician was shattered by his frequent failure to take advantage of many opportune chances which were offered him to get in a damaging punch. He seemed unable to think quickly enough, and an occasional smile in response to the ejaculation, "Oh," which emanated from the spectators' seats, told how he realized that he had overlooked an opening which he might have taken advantage of. He had plainly reached the limit of his resources before a half dozen rounds had been fought.

Jeffries at this time was as firm and steady as the proverbial rock, fighting a carefully planned battle.

He had demonstrated his ability to hit the champion and likewise demonstrated that he had nothing to fear from the latter's punches. He had sustained no serious injury; his legs, big and heavy as they appeared, were not tired; he was as sprightly as a featherweight as he danced in and out, trying to draw an opening, or rushed into a clinch. "Fitz" was marvelously game and willing, and tried to overcome his rival's great advantage. Those of the spectators who saw the Carson City fight remembered that "Fitz" was more badly punished then at the same stage of the game, and yet he won out, and there were many who believed, as he worked in and out, trying first to land his terrific solar plexus punch, and again trying to bring his right up under "Jeff's" guard or shooting it across at the latter's jaw, that he would yet do the trick, but it was not to be. The youth of the Californian,

difficulty. But this was not to be, for "Jeff" had been schooled to be wary of leaving an opening and he elevated his left shoulder and used a high right-hand guard to keep out of danger. Nature had given him adequate protection for his body in a surface covered with ridges of muscle against which "Fitz's" ponderous wallops were of no avail. He had a head on him which kept him from the dangers of overconfidence at one moment and the confusion following punishment at the next. He could wait, which was a great thing in itself; and he could afford to wait, which was a matter of still greater importance, and all the instruction he received when he went back to his corner was "don't hurry, take your time." It looked at the finish of the eighth round as if the end of the battle was not far off. "Jeff" jolted the old "un on the nose and mouth and fired a few muffled 18-inch shells into his body and when he went to his corner a feeling of pity went with him from the 8,000 spectators. The legs which had carried him to victory or to safety so often were wabbling, but few would have guessed it from the look in the Californian's eye or the set of his head as he shaped up. But Jeffries knew. He had been told that his opponent's only chance lay in a single blow and he guarded well against that. With his handy left and his strong guard he met the champion's rush and both punished him and hugged him into weakness.

The remaining rounds were conspicuous alone for the brave and courageous manner in which "Fitz" tried to stave off an inevitable defeat. All the hard punching he received only served to inspire him on to greater endeavor. He refused to believe that he was beaten. He fought heroically and well, and if I never had any admiration for him before I had it then, when I saw him fighting so desperately, with defeat staring him in the face, to get in a blow that would turn the tide in his favor. Can anybody who saw him push back the proffered chair and stand up in his corner between the tenth and eleventh rounds fail to appreciate his bravery. He had been fought down to the floor, dazed, pounded and almost out, but had dragged himself to his feet and stilled along, waiting for the bell which he knew must soon ring. He believed to have seated himself during the brief interval might have exposed his weakness to his adversary. He

any man now before the public. The only one who menaces his championship future is "Tom" Sharkey, and I am sanguine that the time will not be long before a match is made. Matters have not yet emerged beyond the conversational period, and the two principals and their respective managers are working overtime in an effort to convince the public that they are sincere in their intentions. Nobody doubts this. "Jeff" has already won a decision over Sharkey, and is confident that if they meet again all doubts will be removed about his ability to finish him. Sharkey has insinuated that Referee "Alec" Greggains was prejudiced in Jeffries' favor when they fought in 'Frisco, and that the decision was not a just one. Conservative judges and critics are divided in their opinions between a draw and in favor of the boiler-maker, and it is therefore reasonable to infer that no satisfactory decision was reached. Sharkey, since then, has fought and defeated Corbett and McCoy, and is anxious to get in line for championship honors. This can only be done through fighting Jeffries, and the indications are that they will fight before the snow flies, although, judging by the torrid heat of the epistolary exchanges which are now flying back and forth, one might be justified in expecting them to "get together" in a minute or two. Great bodies move slowly, however, and if they face each other some time in the fall it will be about as soon as we can reasonably expect.

Corbett and McCoy are among those who have an idea that they can "trim" the burly Californian. Two years ago in the training quarters at Carson, Corbett used to punch the burly boiler-maker about like a meal bag and occasionally jar him with a point on the jaw which came dangerously near putting him out. That was two years ago. Whether he can do it now or not is a matter which can only be conjectured. Corbett has developed a certain cockiness in his manner which seems to suggest that he would like to try again, but if he has any deep longings in that direction it might be well to remind him that Fitzsimmons would not now be averse to giving him "another chance" which he has been pining for for two years. A match between them at this time would be quite a profitable affair.

As for McCoy I saw him at the fight the other night and when he told me that he was going back to Denver to rest up the thought occurred to me that he would display considerable wisdom if he remained there some time and engaged in no other occupation. He shows the effect of too much training, looks thin and pale and I fancy is not enjoying the best of health. He certainly has not the physique or constitution to go against a man like Jeffries, and if he takes the advice of a well wisher he will refrain from making himself look foolish by making any ridiculous offers in that direction. "Fitz" and McCoy in a match at the middleweight limit would be an attractive event for next fall. Corbett and McCoy also look promising on paper with a few men of lesser note who are liable to come to the front in the meantime. So much for the future.

John L. Sullivan was dallying with the truth a few weeks ago when he telegraphed from some remote locality in the Northwest that he was "making \$800 a week and regretted that he had no time to spend it." It just transpires that when he closed his forty-four-weeks' season last Saturday night in Youngstown, O., there was a deficiency in the managerial strong box which rendered it necessary to omit, in several instances, the pleasing formality of paying salaries. Sullivan, it appears, had a partner who owned a one-quarter interest in the show, and was, therefore, responsible for twenty-five per cent of its indebtedness. It is said that he handed to Sullivan, as his share of the last week's net earnings, \$126, while members of the company insisted that the profits for the last three nights alone were fully \$800.

Then the partner paid his twenty-five per cent of the salaries, and all the money that Sullivan possessed to meet his end of the indebtedness was the \$126 already referred to.

But Sullivan did a characteristic and manly thing, just the same. He walked out before the people of his company and offered them the \$126 to split up between them, adding that he would pay the balance as soon as he could reach New York and raise funds.

Strange as it may appear, they refused, with one or two exceptions, to accept his proposition, and said they were quite satisfied to let matters go just as they were.

Sullivan, however, promptly refused to take advantage of the opportunity to escape what he considered his just indebtedness, and, although he pocketed what was left of the small sum representing his year's harvest, he emphatically declared that he would pay all the salaries, to the last dollar, upon reaching the metropolis.

One hundred and twenty-six "bucks," eh! And that practically "in soak"; the profits of forty-four weeks of one-night stands, bum grub and corn-busk bedel—and I know what that means!

Well, John will be John, as long as he lives!

An unpleasant reminder of the recent glove contest at Homestead, Pa., in which "Kid" Lavelle, a negro pugilist, is alleged to have received injuries which resulted in his death, came the other day in the shape of indictments against the dead man's opponent and everybody connected with the affair. One count accuses John Cavanaugh, "Ed" Kennedy, James Mason, John Coates, Mark Kervin, James Bennett, John Henniger and Col. R. E. Moseley with manslaughter, and another with engaging in a prize fight.

It looks bad for the accused men at either end. I am of the opinion that the death of Lavelle will be used as an entering wedge to stop all kinds of fistie battles in the State of Pennsylvania. The law is pretty strict as it is, and only in a few places are more than six-round "exhibition" bouts permitted. Unfortunately, little if any influence is being exerted on behalf of the accused parties, and as money, to obtain good legal assistance, is lacking, it looks as if there would be some difficulty involved in beating the case.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

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GEORGE SILER.

Referee of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons Fight at Coney Island, June 9th.

his great recuperative powers and the absence of injury left his legs steady and his head clear as he went to his corner. But Fitzsimmons, who had really been mauled more than pounded up to the last of the eighth, was wearied, and while his game-ness and his temperate life made him a marvelous man for his age, at such a stage of the game, his speed and strength were on the ebb.

Jeffries never omitted a chance to rough matters, and continued to wear down his opponent by utilizing methods which were to the lay mind of the spectators obviously unfair; the latter, demanding fair play, regardless of its favorite, shouted wildly for Jeffries to break and fight hands free. The boiler-maker had used only legitimate tactics, but the thousands about the ring realized in an instant that by hanging his weight upon the Californian's neck and shoulders he was wearing him down, and they preferred to see the men break quickly and have the trick done by science rather than weight. This was the only unpleasant incident during the fight.

The battle went on without any eventful variations and the fact became more convincing than ever after the eighth round that a new champion was being born. Jeffries had surprised everyone by the ease with which he could hit his opponent.

How often did Fitzsimmons try gamely to coax down the Californian's peculiar guard just to send in one smashing blow on "the point" and thus end the

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wanted the latter to believe that he was still strong enough to fight, so that the awful slaughter would not be resumed until he had recuperated a little. So successful was the ruse that "Jeff" refused to tackle him, and it was only after "Fitz" had landed a body blow which had no more force behind it than a summer zephyr that the big Californian realized that the time was ripe to put an end to the proceedings, which he did with a succession of punches, the last one of which was a right-hander on the point of the jaw, and a new champion was enthroned.

The single feature in connection with the Australian's performance was his unqualified game-ness. I have seen many exhibitions of the same sort but none which impressed me so favorably. It reminded me of a bulldog's or a game cock's courage. Every time he was knocked down or dazed and tottering against the ropes he returned to the fray with a determination born of a fresh hope that the long-deferred chance would come. When he finally went down nobody could gainsay the fact that he had received his defeat courageously and bravely.

Fighting such as this is not an edifying spectacle in any sense, but since fighting to a finish was in order, "Fitz" certainly deserved the admiration of the mad thousands about him. He was galvanized into life by his seconds in the minute preceding the last round, but it was only to the end that he might go gracefully to his finish, and gracefully to his finish he went, and most men, however they bet, were sorry. Say so much for a crowd fighting mad.

Jeffries, in his fight with Fitzsimmons, displayed sufficient quality to indicate that he can defeat



Photo by Newman, New York.

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WELL-KNOWN EXPERT BOWLER OF GREATER NEW YORK.

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Photo by Stevens, Chicago.

"PETE" SEYMOUR.

CLEVER DANCER OF CHICAGO, ILL., WHO IS OUT WITH A CHALLENGE.

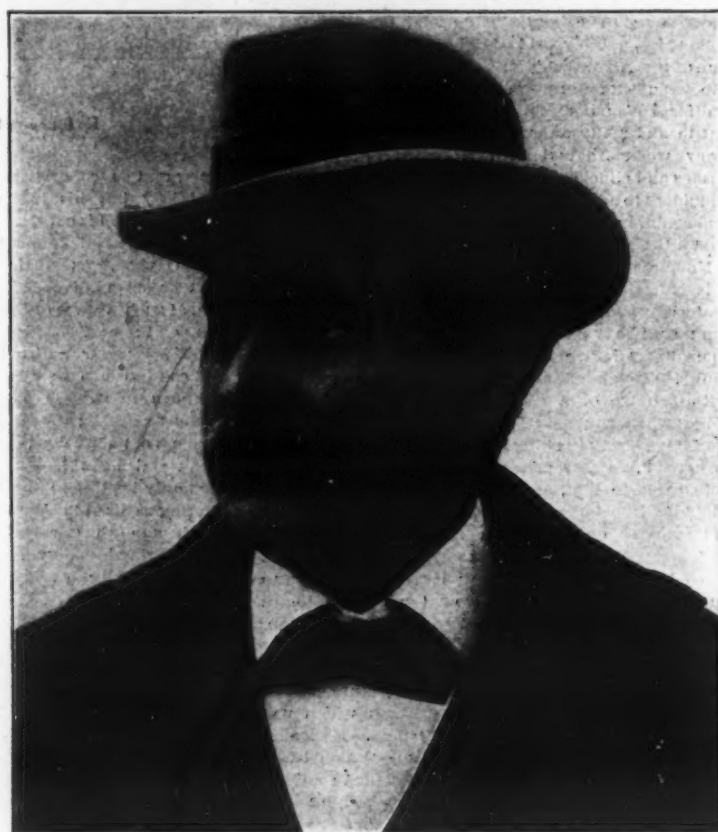
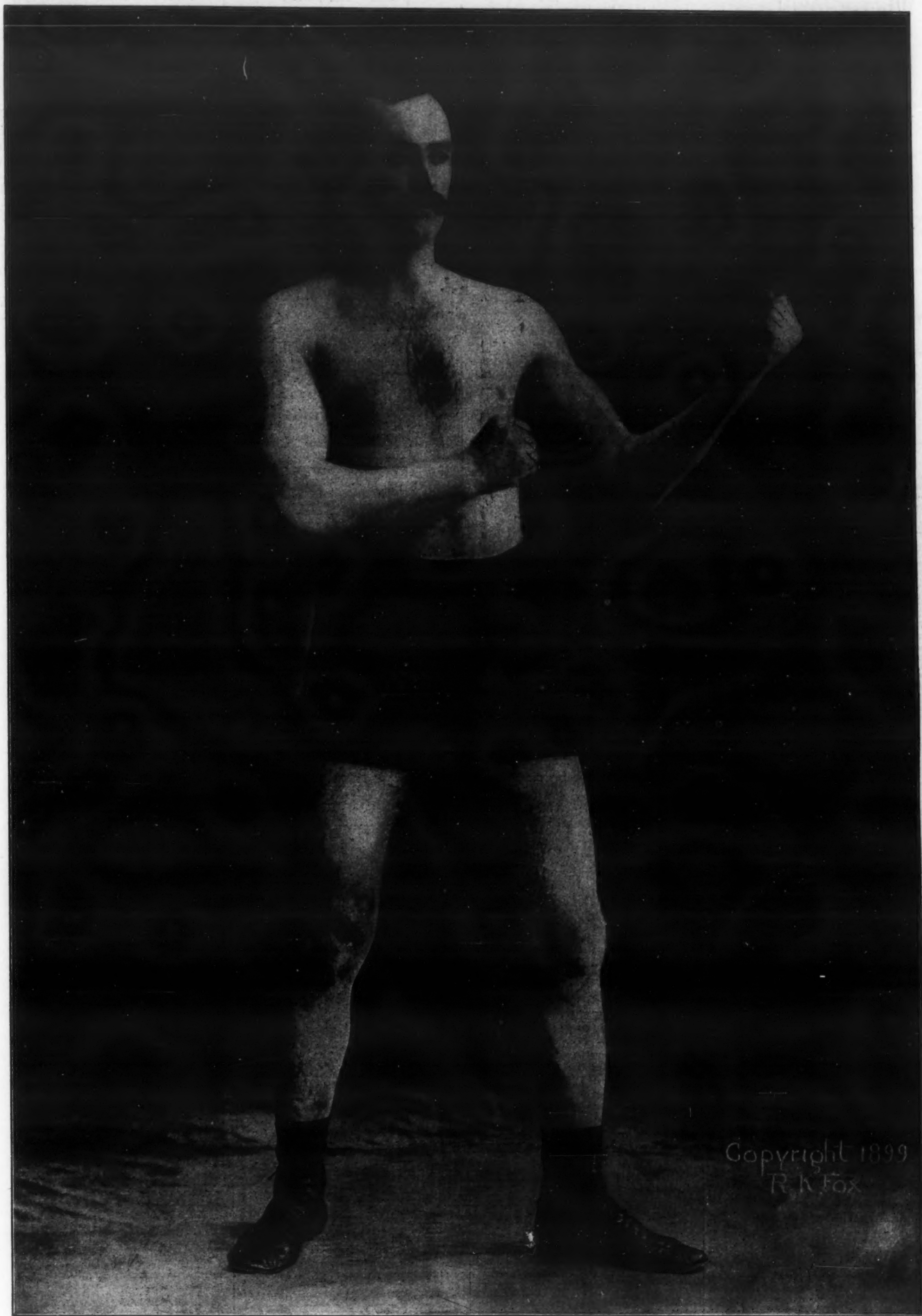


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WELL-KNOWN BARTENDERS

William J. Burke, of the United States Hotel, Litchfield, Conn.



Mr. William J. Burke is the manager of the United States Hotel, at Litchfield, Conn., and he is one of the most popular bartending men in that section of country. He weighs 350 pounds, and claims the sprinting championship of the Nutmeg State. He is an expert mixer of drinks, and is a competitor for the "Police Gazette" bartender's medal. His challenge will be found in another column.

CONDITIONS WHICH GOVERN THE CONTEST.

The bartender who sends to the POLICE GAZETTE office between now and October 1 the best recipe for an original mixed drink will receive the magnificent POLICE GAZETTE trophy, valued at \$100. The competition will be judged by three well-known New York experts, whose names will be announced later.

Send in your recipes now, and a few will be printed every week, with your names and address attached. Get an advertisement for nothing. Proprietors of saloons are also invited to compete.

Send in your portraits for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE. They will be returned after they have been published.

In the meantime send in all the personal paragraphs about yourselves or your business you like.

BARTENDERS GOSSIP.

"Tom" Fitzgerald, of Price, Utah, is a popular saloonkeeper.

"Ed" Burghart, bartender at the Veranda saloon, Baton Rouge, La., is after the medal.

Who mixes your drinks? Send a complimentary paragraph about him for this column.

Mr. Leon Marthe, mixologist at the Battle House bar, Mobile, Ala., is an expert at mixing drinks.

E. A. Wilson, of the Friendship saloon, No. 4 Spring Hill Ave., Mobile, Ala., is noted for his fine mixed drinks.

Bartenders who propose to compete for the "Police Gazette" medal are requested to send in their names.

Barney Madden and "Eddie" Hogan, who tend bar at the Hotel Bell, Duluth, Minn., are two of the best in the business.

Frank Blakely, who deals in wet goods at 67 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y., is one of the best known breeders of dogs in the country.

Aubrey Van Sciver is making a hit behind his father's bar at the "Yellow Kid," corner York and Federal streets, Burlington, N. J.

Frank Hayes, owner of the Canosa Hotel at Pike Lake, Duluth, Minn., is a favorite with Eastern as well as Western sporting men.

Joseph Schilling, who owns a fine saloon at 374 Sycamore street, Buffalo, N. Y., has his place finely decorated with framed supplements.

Bartenders will oblige the "Police Gazette" by sending in complimentary paragraphs about themselves for this column.

Genial Eddie Burke, familiarly known as "Otto," who is now at Dempsey's Hotel, 132 Union street, Brooklyn, is a mixologist of note.

"Billy" Bott, one of the proprietors of Bott Bros. saloon at 141 North High street, Columbus, O., is a great admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE.

"Bert" Roberts, one of the best known of the Western bartenders, is going in business in Los Angeles, Cal. His photo will soon be published.

H. Krasorowski is one of the most popular employees of Rabenstein's cafe at 227 Ferry street, Newark, N. J. His portrait will soon be published.

"Milt" West, owner of the "Honky Tonk," at Capitol and Wall streets, Columbus, O., can be found wherever there is a good event with the gloves.

John Morgan, who runs the F. C. D. M. saloon at Gamboa, Guatemala, Central America, always has the POLICE GAZETTE on file. He backed "Fitz."

Omer Patureau, the proprietor of the Delmineo shaving parlor, Mobile, Ala., is a popular bartender and has many friends in Thibodaux, La., Crowley, La., Iberville Parish, La., Fort Worth, Tex., and St. Louis.

Mo., where he has tended bar, and found it was convenient to refer to Richard K. Fox's "Bartenders Guide" for popular mixed drinks.

A great many photographs of bartenders have been received. Don't worry if they are not published right away. They will appear in turn.

"Dave" is the only name by which the clever bartender at Schattner's saloon, Twelfth and Main streets, Kansas City, Mo., is known, but he is an ace.

President of Bartenders League No. 185, Joseph Fitzgerald, has left Washington for Ocean City, Md., where he will take charge of the Atlantic Hotel.

W. S. Norman, of 476 Dauphine street, Mobile, Ala., is a good all-around man, he knows how to mix drinks and keeps the POLICE GAZETTE always at his saloon.

Walter Amidon, of the Parmy Hotel, Painesville, Ohio, is one of the popular bartenders of the western reserve. "Go fan yourself" is one of his expressions used in a happy way when one of his many friends get a good joke on him.

IN THE COMPETITION.

New Drinks Which May Capture the Bartender's Medal.

STRAW HAT COCKTAIL.

(By Charles Peters, Commercial House, Nazareth, Pa.)

Large bar glass.
Two tablespoonfuls of Orgeat syrup.
One wine glass Old Tom gin.
Three dashes of creme de cafe.
Two dashes of German Bitters.
Lemon peel; fill the tumbler one-third of ice; put in a cocktail glass; stir well.

THE TERRY BLOW-FIZZ.

(By "Terry" Lee, Brooklyn.)

Two dashes of orange flower. Extract of lime. Two dashes of ordinary lemon. Four mixing spoons of pure cream. Portion of Old Tom gin. Spoon of strawberries. Shake briskly for three or four seconds and contents will make up same as charlotte russe; then serve.

AFTER THE MEDAL.

John B. Greer, of The Rialto, Albany, Ga.
F. G. Church, Klondike Saloon, Sliac, Mexico.
"Ed" Burghart, Veranda saloon, Baton Rouge, La.
John L. Mulcaha, Clemerts new cafe, Petersburg, Va.

WILLIAM SOWDERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. William Sowers of Port Clinton, O., is one of the quickest and best drink mixers of Western Ohio. He is at the Island House, where he will be glad to see his friends.

LAWRENCE LORENZEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

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SOME WELL KNOWN BARBERS

John Mattice, of the Bon Ton Shop,
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Mr. John Mattice has one of the finest barber shops in the State in Walter's Hotel on Main street, Cairo, N. Y. He is a bright, energetic, hustling fellow and an enthusiastic reader and admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE, which can always be found on file in his shop. Of the free half-tone supplements he says: "They are the finest and best I have ever seen and are a great credit to Mr. Richard K. Fox."

DONATO VACCARELLO IS A HELPER.

BROOKLYN, June 9, 1899.
DEAR SIR—I see in this week's issue that you have got Donato Vaccarello as the proprietor of my barber shop, but he is only a helper, working for me. Please correct and oblige.
THOMAS J. COSTELLO.

The POLICE GAZETTE gladly makes the correction for Mr. Costello.

TO BARBERS.

If you have sent your photograph to this office for publication and it has not yet appeared, don't get anxious about it, for it will be used as soon as its turn comes.

HOW IT LOOKED TO SILER.

Referee Talks About the Battle as He Saw It From Inside the Ring.

George Siler, besides being the best referee in the country, is an intelligent, gentlemanly, companionable fellow, whose friendship is of the sort that everybody can appreciate. He is a careful judge and a conservative critic of boxing, and usually has an opinion which reflects great credit upon his knowledge of the game. Speaking about the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight shortly after he had declared the latter the winner, Referee Siler said:

"It was the same old story about fighting once too often. 'Fitz,' while defeated, was not disgraced. He simply met a younger, stronger and faster man. There was no time during the fight that 'Fitz' looked as though he could win. Jeffries outboxed and outfought him from start to finish, having the best of every round. It struck me several times during the fight as though 'Fitz' thought the boilermaker could not hurt him. He probably got that idea from the fact that 'Jim' occasionally touched him lightly with the left. Whenever these blows were delivered, or rather when 'Fitz' received them, he would smile and look bored. 'Jeff' avoided his swings in the easiest manner possible. I thought from 'Fitz's' experience as a boxer he would land often with straight left leads than Jeffries. This, however, was not so, as Jeffries countered continually with the left and hooked him with his left time and again without return.

"When he put 'Fitz' down the first time it was a straight left-hand counter. The blow was not a very hard one, but happened to catch 'Fitz' off his balance and so caught him coming toward him. This had the effect of putting him down. He remained down but two seconds, smiling all the time and acted as though he considered it a joke. When he got up he forced Jeffries to the ropes, swinging right and left, but he failed to land, Jeffries avoiding him easily. Just prior to the knockdown Jeffries drew blood, which gave him first blood and first knock down. Up to this time there was no decided advantage, 'Jim,' if anything, had a shade. It looked like anybody's fight when the men went to their corners. 'Tom' Ryan from then on began coaching Jeffries to go for the body with his right and leave the head alone.

"Jeff followed Ryan's advice and landed often. Some, of course, were very light and 'Fitz,' thinking he had no steam, did all the advancing. He found this out later to his sorrow, because as soon as he got within range 'Jeff' sent in a hot right-hander which doubled 'Bob' up, forcing him to lean on his opponent and compelling me to go between them. I avoided going between them as much as possible while they were strong and when there was any chance of a knockout, but as soon as a heavy blow was landed and I considered it effective I got between them as quickly as possible so as to give either man a chance to win if possible.

"Fitz' it struck me, was away off in distance. 'Time

and again it looked as though a lead with either hand would land, but instead of leading straight he would try a swing or a hook, therefore naturally losing three or four inches in his reach. Jeffries was clever, and I give him credit for being clever. I knew he was very quick on his feet, but did not know he was so clever with his head and hands, as time and again he ably ducked out of reach of 'Fitz's' left and right-hand leads. Another thing I noticed in the fight was that 'Fitz,' after seeing Jeffries duck away from him, did not shoot in some uppercuts. He did try them occasionally, but I considered hardly enough. Another advantage Jeffries had over 'Fitz' was his attitude, boxing in a crouched position with his left jaw close to his shoulder.

"Fitz' landed on Jeff and cut a slight gash, but outside of that his right hand either went over Jeffries' neck or struck him on the back of the head. Jeffries, for a novice, as compared with 'Fitz' in experience, acted like the master, while 'Fitz' at times reminded me of a beginner."

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUSBANDS & WIVES

I noticed in the "London Illustrated Standard," dated March 29, 1898, by what Dr. Schenk, the sex specialist, says, that mothers the world over without exception have the most intense desire to bear sons instead of daughters. If that is so I can tell any of the ladies a sure way to bear sons; no need to trouble about the diet. I do not claim that the sexes can be changed or controlled at any time before birth, like Dr. Schenk, which is impossible, but it can be controlled to have sons or daughters at a proper time to suit the mother. By sending to my address the sum of four pounds sterling sender will be promptly answered. Address: **MRS. J. A. SUBBATEKY, Arvaui, near Mongonui, Auckland, New Zealand.**

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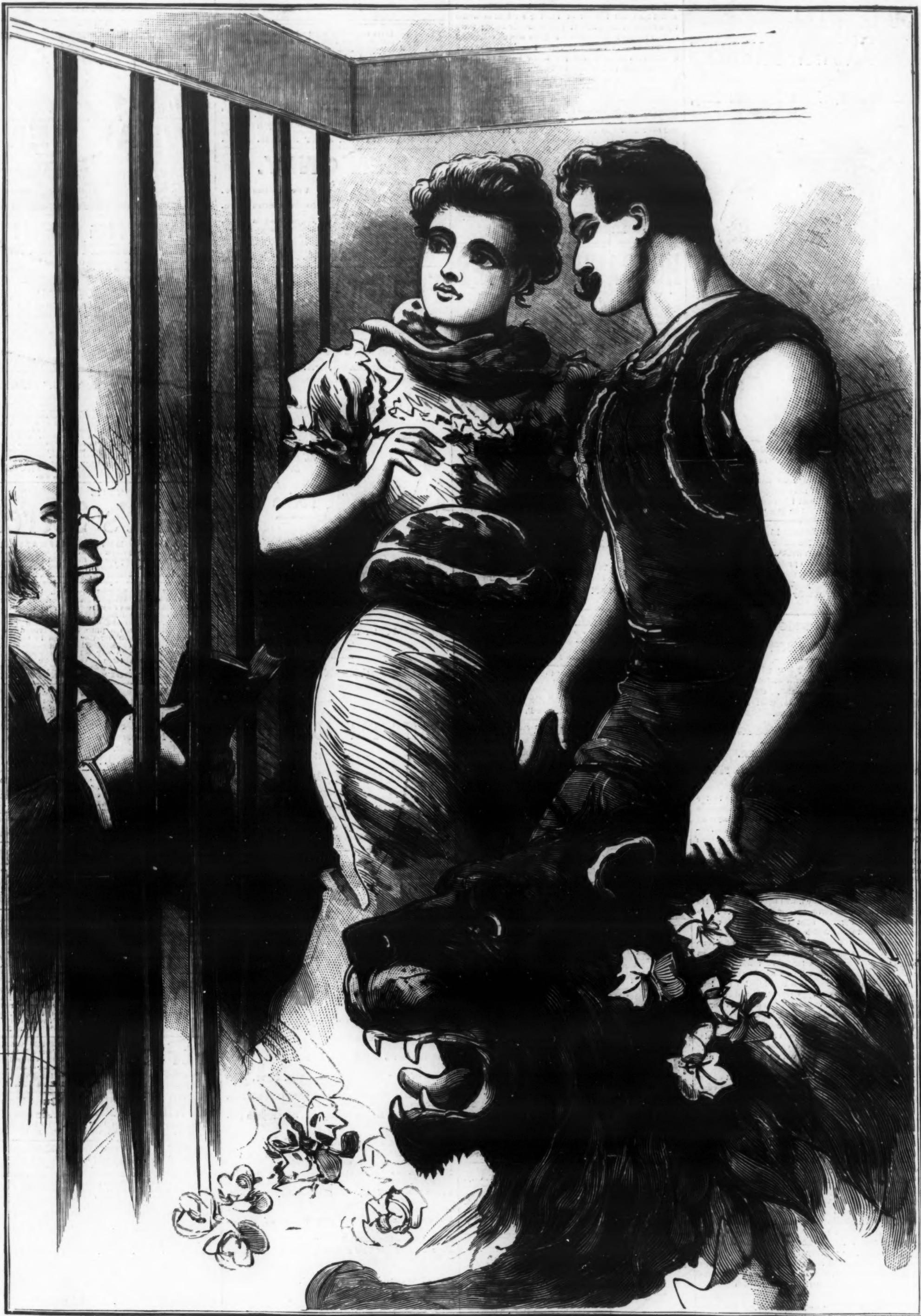
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